

A woman with blonde hair, wearing sunglasses and a red and white polka-dot scarf, is positioned in the foreground. The background is a vast, arid desert landscape with rolling hills and a clear blue sky with scattered white clouds. The overall tone is bright and sunny.

Good Tender

Poems By Dakota Hagan

How Do We Start?

Made on the territory of the Kwanlin Dun
First Nation

Reasons I want to be old and queer

to get be forty, wearing cut stained jean shorts
working outside, building or gardening
something long term

I get up early and write by a window in soft sunlight
In a house that I've spent time fixing up and painted
the walls of

the colour of an oat milk latte
singing sounds of animals out in the yard

I want to get old and queer

so I can marry you not because time is linear and we
have to but because at some point before our parents
get to old we want to have a party to celebrate where
we have come from and where we will go

To care for my parents in my home without
institutionalized harm and loneliness

I want to be old and queer

to be cared for by a chosen family of warm blooded
beings and fresh flowers

I want to see the world change and a continue to press
forward and go through things I never thought I could

To have time to make and memorize and forget it all
but have told enough stories that something of my gay
old heart will be left behind

Carabiner

She sat there in blue jeans
My blood boiling day dreams
How could I ever go home
We waited for hours
Sat down with the flowers
I have never felt so unalone
There's something about strangeness
the weight of a body
In the sweetness of mid day
Head on her lap
I'm tender for real love
Want what is too much
Because it is life
That lives in your laugh

I made us miso soup in bed
We sipped out of paper cups
Left in our hotel
For morning coffee for the road
We sat in bed
After we had washed our bodies
and scrubbed the indents made by tight pants
and long hours
I used a straw
Drinking the
gut warming soup
We watched Hacks
Something I have watched but not with you
But I am learning that watching an old stand by is
never a bad thing
And the pressure is off of me for it to be perfect
We woke up early
To be on the rainy road
Listening to the Audiobook of Naturally Tan
This is us and ours
No one else could make these choices and will into
existence these very specific moments of joy
But us in our constant communication
of not only words but bodies and song choices
Logging trucks blew past us
We spent time
Just spending time

Ribbing

On the first day of Aries season
I bought a new pair of pants
I decided being comfortable wouldn't be a bad thing
That squeezing myself into old habits
No longer needed me
I need to be needed for something to exist
And I feel like I can write again
Sing again
Even though karaoke puts me out the breathe
Maybe I wasn't ready two years ago
But I'm ready now
I had thoughts then that are actions now
I have some follow through
And still some grit
My partner tells me my skin glows
It's my joy in being around others
Of laughing at a joke that didn't exist a moment before
Most of the time
We live in rivers
At the whim of whatever
Whoever
I looked of what rivers flow towards
To try and finish this
Some sort of solid ending
But it's water and fire
Because of my Aries sun
And Scorpio moon
somehow I live submitted to fall in love
with myself all over again

Ode to Elliot Page

I hope you have dreamt of this
moment and I hope it feels just as
good

I hope you feel softer because of it
Less burden in your body
Even though it might be harder
sometimes

It must of been scary
To come out of the woodwork
But you know you are so loved
I hope this is the response you get

The tingling feeling that a tradition may begin
That we might create something ours
That we laugh and look forward to
My parents lived in Edmonton when they first
got together
They would go to 12 o'clock showings of Rocky
Horror Picture near Halloween
I can't picture my mom so relaxed
Staying up so late
But now we are going 30 years
Later at 7pm instead of 12a,
After you finish work at the coffee shop
I sneak snacks in our bag
A quick samosa for dinner
I wonder what they ate before and after
I'm trying to relate our love to there's
My queerness to there hetro
And there is something about watching the
same things for different reasons
that exists like the conversations
we will never have

Cowpokes make better lovers

You buy me comforts
I buy you keepers
Antiques
Under handmaid covers
Weighted blankets
To help me sleep
Lucky lighters
That have once lit a cowboys a cigarette
Now almost put a flame
To our bedroom games
I want you
Like a sound that I don't know how to make
Like the way our bodies touch in the night
Subconsciously yearning
I want you from dawn until dusk
To get towed away for staying to late
I want to know your body
To know it can trust me
Even when I am not around
I am honest when I say I love you
In coffee mornings
And greys anatomy evenings
I want nothing morning than a Sunday of
Loving you
And a Monday of missing

Heavy Weight

Bonding over Death Cab
Listening to Summer Skin
Freckles falling slowly
Winters long lost kin

Late mornings
Early nights
We laid in bed for hours
Dating shows and petty fights

You like my round face
Say I have a tiny waist
I'm calling your bluff

I love when your curls spring
We listen to the birds sing
And tell each other we are enough

Happy Young Hot Couple

I come early to your work
Watch you set up shop
It's where I hang out now
A third space
The guitar picking loud over the quiet
Coffee filled air
The Baker taps her foot viciously
to John Fahey
A quick sadness
I read Audre lorde
In your presence
Both my mentors
In one room
I look at the life we've built
Time we've spent
Feeling not good enough
When all along
None of that mattered

